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BUFORD.

Oct. 7, 1912.

John D. Moberly, of Blanchester, was the guest of L. J. Toile last Monday night.

The following ladies were guests at the home of aunt Jane Foust Tuesday: Mrs. Mary Miller, of Harwood, Mrs. Maggie Turner, of Sugartree Ridge, and Mrs. Emma Turner and son, Ralph.

G. W. Reedy and Mrs. Eva Weaver traded places recently, moving taking place this week.

Mrs. Josephine Wilson and daughter, Miss Mable, Belfast, and Chas. Wilson, wife and son, Paul, of Madisonville, were present at the family dinner held Sunday at the home of Eli Deskeite. 38 guests were present.

C. F. Roselott and family, George Weaver and family and Samuel Roberts and family spent Sunday at Ripley and enjoyed their dinner on the banks of the Ohio river.

Dr. Harry Holden, of Williamsburg, appointment here, Oct. 16 and 17.

Prof's. Alton Earhart and Wm. Brown, who are teaching in Middletown, were home from Thursday until Sunday morning. Their two days leave of absence was due to the Hamilton Fair.

S. Y. Hamilton and wife, of Macon visited A. A. Davis and family last Friday.

H. F. Roselott spent Saturday and Sunday in Clermont county.

Robert Colvin recently purchased Sanford Bradley's property and will begin repairing immediately.

G. G. O. Pence, candidate for State Representative, visited here last Friday. Mr. Pence is an enterprising young man of sterling character.

Preaching service Sunday Oct. 13, at the Christian Church. Everybody come. Rev. Poston, pastor.

ALLENSBURG.

Oct. 7, 1912.

Wm. Runyon and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Homer Barker and family, at Damascus.

Thomas Screechfield and wife took dinner with John Webster and wife, at Fairview, Sunday.

David Michael and wife and niece, Miss Daisy Carpenter, spent Sunday with the latter's mother, Mrs. Ellis Wilkin, at Shackleton.

Misses Emma, Shaffer and Ocie Chaney were callers at the home of T. E. Hawthorne Sunday.

John Duncan and wife spent Sunday with Carey Henderson and wife.

Lewis Chaney is spending a few days with his aunt, Mrs. George Baumaster, at Morrisville.

H. P. Chaney spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Will Stuart, of Owensville.

Elmer Foster and family entertained Edd Runyon and wife and Charley Hawk and family Sunday.

John Thornburg and family and John Winkle and wife spent Sunday with Sherman Winkle, at Martinsville.

Harley Ludwig is visiting friends and relatives at Port Williams.

Mrs. Willard Calley is visiting her daughters at Norwood this week.

Mrs. Frank Stroup and daughter, Vivian, were callers at the home of H. P. Chaney Sunday evening.

RAINSBORO.

Oct. 7, 1912.

Burch Hixson, wife and two children, of Lena, are spending a few days with relatives here.

Harvey Lafferty, of Pittsburg, Pa., is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Mary Caudy, this week.

Wm. Taylor and family, who have been living on the Park's farm just north of town, are moving today to their new house which has recently been erected on the farm near New Petersburg.

Miss Lucille Spargur has been visiting friends in Hillsboro a few days.

Mrs. Jennie Harris, of Hillsboro, is spending a few days here, the guest of Mrs. J. M. Turley.

W. T. Hodge and wife were called to Sabina last Tuesday by the death of a particular friend.

Our public school is closed this week to allow the pupils to get the benefit of the agricultural display at the fair.

Charles Shaw and wife, of New London, are guests of her parents, A. G. Cameron and wife.

Mrs. Brickel, of Texas, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Eylar, spent part of last week with friends in Adams county.

Rev. Shriver and wife and J. B. Davis and wife attended quarterly meeting at Marshall, Saturday afternoon.

Will Ulen and family, of Bainbridge, and Guy Wilkin and family, of Marshall, were guests of A. G. Cameron and wife, Sunday.

The Board of Education has made arrangements to rebuild the school house in district No. 12. Miss Clara Spargur of this place has been employed as teacher and school will begin next week in a room that has been secured temporarily.

Bortor Spargur, who has been ill for a number of months, died Sunday night about one o'clock. Funeral services will be held at the home near Beaver Mill on Wednesday morning.

HIGHLAND.

Oct. 7, 1912.

Mrs. Mose Cohn and son, Lewis, were in Cincinnati on Thursday.

O. B. Savage, wife and daughter, of Wilmington, were the guests of relatives here, Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Terry spent two or three days with Leesburg friends last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayers, of Mt. Auburn, were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Orebaugh Sunday.

Miss Edith Horseman was sent as a delegate from here to the annual meeting of the Home Missionary Society, which was held in Hillsboro, Wednesday and Thursday.

Pete Woodmansee made a business trip to Richmond, Ind., Monday.

John Davis and wife visited relatives in Hillsboro Saturday and Sunday.

E. M. Johnson and wife visited friends in Dayton Sunday.

Word was received Monday morning of the death of Edward Hallowell, which occurred Sunday at the hospital for Feeble Minded, at Columbus. Funeral will be held at the home of his sister, Mrs. Blackburn, near New Vienna, Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Robert McNicol and wife motored to Dayton on Sunday.

"Miss Fearless and Company," a comedy drama in three acts, will be given at the Highland Opera House, Saturday night, Oct. 12, by home talent. Benefit for the Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church. Good music. Admission, adults 25c, children 15c.

Mrs. Maria Faris went to Wilmington Saturday for a few weeks stay.

Miss Lillie Moore left Saturday morning for a few weeks visit with relatives, near Paris, Ky.

Miss Mary Grice made a business trip to Washington, O. H., Monday.

Make The Old Farm Pay.

The County Agricultural Society has secured the big Experiment Station Exhibit for the Rainsboro Fair this year.

Some of our farmers have seen the exhibit at other fairs and they are enthusiastic that we have secured it this year. They will come early and stay late. But to most of our farmers it is new. Here is a chance to get in touch with the Station's work and to get acquainted with the Station workers. Those who have seen the exhibit at other fairs say that if there was nothing else on the fair grounds it would be worth while to visit the fair for this feature only. This exhibit is free and polite attendants will explain the experiments illustrated. The Station wishes to get better acquainted and has prepared a beautiful souvenir which will be given free to everyone who asks for it. adv

ALL KINDS OF GHOSTS

Polly Andrews Discovered a Daylight Species.

By CLARA INEZ DEACON.

Sheriff Bob Andrews was climbing into his buggy to drive to town when his daughter Jolly came out of the house to call to him:

"Oh, dad, I'm going over to the Rickett's place today to get wild plums."

"Lots of them there," he replied, "but what about the ghosts?"

"They never show up by daylight, you know."

"Well, don't flirt with them, if they do."

The old Rickett's place was a mile down the highway. It was a small farm and a rambling old house that had been abandoned for years. The land had grown up to weeds and briars and tangle, and the house was doorless and windowless, and tenanted by all kinds of ghosts, from that of Henry Ward Beecher to that of a murdered pack peddler. When the boys visited the place to snook around they went in gangs, and the men who drove past after dark made their horses step a little faster at this spot. Everybody laughed about the ghosts of the Rickett's house, but nobody made a hunt for them.

Polly Andrews had been visiting the place at intervals for the last five years. There were artichokes, apples, plums and berries to be found there in season, and a healthy girl has the same appetite for those things as a boy. She has never peered into the front door. But that was the limit. No use in tempting the ghosts to spring out and do murder. The wild plum season had come again, and Polly would defy several ghosts for all the fruit she could eat. Yes, there were plenty of wild plums, as her father had said, and she sat down under a tree to "gobble."

From where she sat, the girl could see only one end of the house. There were four window-openings in view and she had glanced at them several times and wondered what the interior of the house was like, when the face



of a young man suddenly appeared at one of the openings on the second floor. It showed for only three seconds, but that was long enough to satisfy the girl that she was looking at a human being—a young man whose face might have been interesting but for the look of fear on it.

"That chap is hiding!" whispered the girl to herself, and she felt more curiosity than fear.

Bob Andrews had been sheriff of Boone county, term after term, and his wife and daughter had always been more or less interested in his cases.

"Yes," resumed the girl, "if he were not a fugitive, he would not be here. Hasn't the look of a horse thief, and he is a stranger in this locality. May have been hiding here for three or four days, but I haven't heard that dad is after anyone just now. He is probably armed. Wonder what dad would do if he were here?"

For five long minutes she kept her eyes on the window, hoping the man would show his face again, and then she sprang up with the words:

"Why, I know what dad would do. He'd go in there and pull the fellow out and find out all about him. I'll do the same!"

Without giving herself time to argue, she walked straight up to the house and half-way around it to the porch, and looked in at the door. A rotting and dismantled stairway led up from a hallway with little heaps of rubbish here and there—desolation on every hand. It was a ghostly place, even at midday.

"Come down here, sir!"

The girl stepped into the hall and called to whomever might be above. No reply—no movement.

"Then I shall come up!"

With a chill at her heart and every nerve tingling, Polly softly mounted the shaky old stairs. There was fear at every step, but she forced herself to go upwards. Four bedrooms opened off the hall, and no doors to any of them. The girl looked into three of them, and then shivered. The man must be hiding in the fourth. She hesitated for only a second and then advanced. There was no challenge. Sitting on the floor in a corner was the fugitive. His knees were drawn up, and his elbows rested on them, and his face was hidden in his hands. He knew that the girl had come up

and was looking at him, but he kept his position until she rather impatiently demanded:

"Well, you have a name and a tongue?"

"If they have come to arrest me—" he replied looking up.

"Mister man, get to your feet! That's better. Now get a grip on yourself. Why are you cowering here?"

"I have been made a victim of a base plot," he answered, "I have been hiding here for two days."

"I have read of base plots in novels, but never encountered one. They didn't seem to pick out a hero to base-plot against in this case!"

The young man was impressed by her sarcasm. He blushed and straightened up, and after swallowing hard he replied: "I do not claim to be a hero, but I am not a liar. For three years I have been employed in the First National bank at Avere."

"Yes. And money has been taken."

"A package of \$5,000 was missing. I had no more to do with the taking of it than you did."

"But you skipped out and left the world to believe you a thief."

"Yes, fool that I am, it came upon me so suddenly that I was all confusion. The cashier came to me and charged me with the theft and put \$100 in my hands and advised me to flee at once to escape arrest. He said prison awaited me if I stayed. I only waited to put on my hat and coat."

"Chump!" scorned Polly.

"But if I had stayed?"

"That package would have been found somewhere as having been 'misaid.' Was there any particular reason for the cashier wanting to drive you out?"

"I can't think of any."

"Were you both courting the same young lady?"

"Why—why—"

"Oh, you innocent lamb!" laughed the girl. "It's no wonder the gold brick men can afford their steam yachts. How that cashier must chuckle."

"Do you think—think—"

"No, I don't think. I know. Your name is what?"

"Porter Phelps."

"And I am Polly Andrews, daughter of the sheriff of this county. Come out under the plum trees."

When they were out doors and seated she continued: "Mr. Porter Phelps you appear to lack sand and to be easily rattled and to need a guardian. You have told me a straight story, have you?"

"I have."

"No evasions?"

"None whatever."

"Then you are coming with me and tell dad all about it. Dad's fine as silk on a trail, and they say I know a thing or two. I guess we can straighten this matter out all right."

"But your father—" protested the fugitive.

"He'll have a few words to say along the line I have, and then turn to and help you out."

Polly was a prophet. To a layman, the young man's story would have been pronounced too fishy for belief, but Sheriff Andrews had seen just as queer cases in his time. He listened quietly, thought for awhile, and then said:

"If you and the cashier were both after the same girl, he would have a motive in wanting to drive you away in disgrace. I'll go over to Avere and see what I can pick up."

Two days later he returned to say: "No one but the cashier had heard that any money was missing, and it did not take me long to convince him that even he had not heard of it. You can go back and take your place again."

A year later, just after Mr. Phelps had left the sheriff's house one evening, the father remarked to the daughter:

"I thought he was in love with a girl in Avere."

"So did he for awhile."

"Did she jilt him?"

"No. I arrested him!"

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

Old Riga Being Modernized.

The ancient city of Riga, on the river Dwina, near the Baltic sea, is undergoing a wonderful change. The place was founded in 1201 by the Knights of the Sword, a German order instituted to convert the Letts and Estonians. It became in time a fortress of considerable strength. It did not lose the appearance of a medieval town until 1857, when its masonry walls were torn down. When Napoleon invaded Russia more than a century ago the governor of Riga burned two thousand houses. Riga is now being converted into a modern industrial city. The centuries-old moat has been turned into a picturesque canal and its banks have been planted with ornamental trees and shrubs to provide a popular promenade. The old, narrow winding streets of the inner town are being widened and straightened. The suburban quarter, for so long a collection of wooden huts, is being built over into large apartment houses. Several squares and public gardens and buildings are being constructed. One of the squares is used as a military parade ground. On it is the Russian cathedral, the city museum and a school supported by the chamber of commerce.—New York World.

Spiteful.

Kate—Mrs. Wops boasts that she made her husband.

Meg—Anybody could tell that, to look at the way the poor man is frayed at the edges.

Which She Frequently Uses.

She—Say what you like about marriage; it gives a woman a chance.

He—Yes, a fighting chance.

Peoples' Column

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Real Estate Transfers.

M. V. Igo to Laura Bloom, Highland county, 7a, \$1.

Pheobe Barrett to S. A. Leaverton, Leesburg, lot, \$1.

R. P. Barrett to S. A. Leaverton, Leesburg, lot, \$1.

J. L. Caldwell gdn to Roberta J. Cook, Greenfield, lot, \$1835.

Rosa B. Rogers to Lacy King, Hillsboro, lot, \$1.

D. D. Hiestand et al to Mary E. Hiestand, Hillsboro, lot, \$1.

Lucy Murphy to Charles E. Johnson, Fairfield tp, 12a, \$1900.

Theodore Massey to Samuel E. Young, Liberty tp, 8a, \$1.

James A. Armentrout et al to Anna Taylor, Dodsonville, lot, \$40.

Bert Mercer to Grace M. Purdy, Jackson tp, 121a, \$1.

C. V. Purdy to Bert Mercer, Salem tp, 85a, \$8000.

Jas. E. Hogsett to Wm. Matthews, New Market tp, 94a, \$1.

William M. Moon to Nannie A. Moon, Madison tp, 100a, \$1.

Edward McKeever to Ola E. Tener, Sinking Spring, lot, \$350.

Rosey Rhoades to R. A. Hull, Brushcreek tp, 1a, \$1.

Mary E. Harris et al to Homer Harris, New Market tp, 49a, \$1.

In Memory

Of William J. Cochran, who died September 26, 1910:

Two sad years since Father left us, Whom we loved and cherished dear Can we help but feel so lonely When our Father is not here?

No more his kind and loving face Shall light the gloom of home, Yet in memory's love we see him While in sorrow we are alone.

To his grave we go and shed our tears Saying, he is not dead but sleeping here. But our Savior gently calling Summoned him to lead the way, O'er the path watched by Angels We will follow some sweet day.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," remarked the husband as he surveyed her gown.

"You can't jolly me into wearing this dress another season," responded his wife.—Pittsburg Post.

The Spanish government has established a course of free lectures on Spanish art and history at Madrid for the benefit of tourists.

"A Chicago police matron claim that big men make the best husbands" "In some cases, perhaps; but I know some little women who have succeeded fairly well at the business."—Youngtown Telegram.